Mrs. Kate Langley Bosher's New Book, "When Love Is Love," an Interesting Story, Clean and Inspiring.

NEW SCOTCH STORY

By the Author of Wee Mac-Greegor-"My Friend Prospero," a Spicy Book by Henry Harland-The Magazines for January - Notes and Books and Authors.

WHEN LOVE IS LOVE. By Kate Langley Bosher. Published by the Neale Company, of New York and Washington, D. C. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company

Bell Book and Stationery Company. The placing of a book of fiction upon the market that is written by a Southern woman about Southern women, is generally at once classed in the minds of those who have not seen it, as a reversion to a Colonial, Revolutionary, inte-bellum or Civil War period of existence, with more or less of a historical setting against which types are to be thrown out.

thrown out.

In Mrs Bosher's case this would be a mistake. The scene of "When Love is Love" is laid in New York city and its suburban environment. The four principal characters. Portia and Virginia Denning, Joyce Symington and Elizabeth Polk—are, the two first Virginians, the third a South Carolinian and the last a Georgian, but they belong essentially to the twentieth century and are of the number of right-minded, earnest, self-reliant young women of the present day who are helping to do the good work of the world, and thereby raise the standard of all future womanly effort and achievement. By their heredity and their adherence to Southern ideas and traditions, they are uninstakably and loyally, but never obtrusively localized, and one of the finest bits of authorship of which Mrs. Bosher has shown herself capable is the nice degree to which her differentiation in individualizing the temperamental differences of the quartette is carried. One is enabled, by her suggestion rather than by what she puts into words, to comprehend that Portia, with her buried hopeand youth behind her, has found in the large activities of life and in her love for others and her sympathy with their struggles the reward bestowed upon a woman who has builded her house of life where Gods may dwell, beautiful, entire and clean."

Virginia, the little sister, the only link left to bridge the past and present for In Mrs. Bosher's case this would be mistake. The scene of "When Love in the scene of the scene o

woman who has builded her "house of life where Gods may dwell, beautiful, entire and clean."

Virginia, the little sister, the only link left to bridge the past and present for Portia and the object of her dearest affection, is so spiritual in her purity and yet so linked with practical insight and acumen that she holds a place for herself, separate and apart in the minds of all who make her book acquaintance.

Joyce is spiendid in glowing health and energy; very attractive in her impulsiveness and inconsequence; Elizabeth, covering her disappointment and loveliness beneath an outward mask of cynicism and indifference, is an unfailing dependence in time of need and distress and one of the strongest natures depicted.

The bond of union between the quartette is brought about by their loyalty, their community of interest and their mutual dependence, the one on the other. The picture of their united home life is worth many books. Could more women give expression to the world in their work from such an atmosphere of refinement and harmony as that which reigned at Spinster villa, one would be less alive to the discord of "sweet bells jangled and out of tune," with which the ears of humanity are assailed to-day.

"Why will ye spend your strength in vain, and your labor for that which availeth not," says the Master, and His question, having special reference to women who are now finding fullest freedom of occupation and recognition along all lines, professional and otherwise, is practically asked and answered by Mrs. Bosher in "When Love is Love," because her women do not "spend their strength in vain." Each has her purpose and object, and Tends so its accomplishment with single aim and full determination. Consequently, each achieves a measure of success and points a lesson for others who are discouraged because striving unint-heartedly, giving

practically asked and answered by Mrs. Bosher in "When Love is Love," because her women do not "spend their strength in vain." Each has her purpose and object, and bends to its accomplishment with single aim and full determination. Consequently, each achieves a measure of success and points a lesson for others who are discouraged because striving Lint-heartedly, giving about one-third of their time to their tasks and two-thirds to distractions which "avail not."

Mrs. Bosher sustains the interest of her "The love of the strict of the strict of the sum of

Mrs. Bosher sustains the interest of her Mrs. Bosher sustains the interest of het book remarkably well. Nothing drags and the mind of the reader is absorbed and carried on from beginning to ending, especially entertaining chapters giving a description of a ten, a wedding and a Christmas celebration at Spinster villa.

Christmas celebration at Spinster villa. The book hinges on a vital question, complications being brought about by the appearance of "mere man" within the charmed Spinster villa circle. Some readers will take one view of this question and others will not agree with them, but none will look at it with indifference. The ending of the book is another feature affective will account for the readers.

"The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow. "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland. Published at \$1.50. Our Price, \$1.08. "When Love is Love," by "Kate Cairns."

ALL THE NEW BOOKS

at less than the publishers' prices.

MILLER & R.HO.ADS.



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW.

The most recent picture of Miss Ellen Glasgow, the authoress of "The Deliverance," which is proving a phenomenal lite-

world since the appearance of the "Carworld since the appearance of the "Cardinal's Snuff-box," some years ago.
Surely no one has ever written of Italy and Italian life more beautifully than Mr. Hariand has. He has repeated himself in "My Friend Prospero," but it is a repetition with such an infinite variety that one accepts it without criticism and with delight. The story opens at the castle of the mediacval village of Sant Alessina, where Lady Blanchemain, an English tourist, has driven over from Roccadoro, seven miles distant, to look at the celebrated Zeit-Neuminster collection of paintings, which the castle contion of paintings, which the eastle con-tains. Mr. Harland, one of whose many fine accomplishments lies in the skill with which he describes graceful old age, says of Lady Blanchemain:

age, says of Lady Blanchemain:

"Big, humorous, emotional, imperious, but, above all, interested and sociable Lady Blanchemain: do you know her, I wonder? Here billowy, white hair? Her handsome soft old face with its smooth skin? Her beautiful old gray eyes, emphasized by regular black brows? The light colors and jaunty fashion of her gowns? Her gay little bonnets? Her gems? Do you know her? If you do, I am sure you love her and rejoice in her; and enough is said. If you don't, I beg leave to present and commend her.

"I snoke, by and bye, of her 'old face,'

"I spoke, by and bye, of her 'old face,' her 'old eyes.' She is to be sure, in so far as mere numbers of years tell, an old woman. But I once heard her throw out, in the heat of conversation, the phrase, 'a young old thing like me,' and I thought she touched a truth."

The book hinges on a vital question, complications being brought about by the appearance of "imere man" within the charmed Spinster villa circle. Some readers will take one view of this question and others will not agree with them, but none will look at it with indifference. The ending of the book is another feature of it that will arouse discussion. There are people who always insist that a conclusion must be gry, whether realistic or not; others crave the tragedy that makes the tears start; a third class is delighted to have the curtain rung down ere the last degree of finality is reached.

Mrs. Bosher, in penning her ultimate chapter, probably felt in regard to her favorite heroine as another clever author did who was reproached for the language indulged in, when angry, by his heroine. He replied thoughtfully and very soberly: "Indeed, I have looked the matter over from every point of view, and I cannot conceive how she could act of talk in any other way."

MY FRIEND PROSPERO. By Henry Harland. Published by McClure, Phillips and Company. of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

For gentle, huoyant optimism, for innate and unalternike faith in the goodness of humanity, for an irresistible and rangolous spirit of mirth and light-heart edness, the name of Henry Harland has stood almost unrivalled in the literary and the folly of earth can never be dead,

and an age of prose and prudence cannot be possible.

As "My Friend Prospero" possesses the three essential gifts, it seems more than probable that the literary and artistic world to which he has just been introduced will accord him an enthusiastic and sincere welcome.

MRS. M'LERIE. Written by J. J. Bell.
Published by the Century Company.
New York.
The most interesting thing about this
little book is that it was written by the
nuthor of "Wee Maggreegor." By an obscure author, probably it would never
have attracted the attention of the public. It is the history of two Scotchwomen,
and Mrs. McLerie is the heroine. Her
friend and associate is Mrs. Munro, and
the conversation of these two very talkattive women makes the book. Of course,
the conversation is in dialect, and everybody does not take kindly to Scotch dialect. But the women are very droll, and
they say some very funny things, as
Scotch fun goes. Mrs. McLerie is the "Mr.
Dooley" of the dialogue, while Mrs. Munro takes the minor part of Hennessey.
The book is entertaining in its way, but
it is too much to predict for it that it
will be another "Wee Maggreegor."

Scribner's for February.

The opening article in Scribner's for February is entitled "Some Gardens in Spain," by Helena Rutherford Ely. It is profusely illustrated. A number of letters written by Mrs. George Bancroft from England in 1846 are reproduced. The second instalment of "The War of 1812," by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. is contained in this number.

There are several other interesting papers, including one on Salvini, by Norman Hapgood. The short stories are by Eleanor Forter, William R. Lighton and Mary Moss.

Magazine Art.

I thought she touched a truth."

Novels have so few real love stories of late, and Mr. Harland is always at his finest in describing a lover's attitude towards his lady and in whatever passes between them. "My Friend Prospero" is a lover of whom the whole world must approve. He is not an Italian, but an Englishman, though he has all the fervor of imagination and all the poetic must approve. He is not an Italian, but an Englishman, though he has all the fervor of imagination and all the poetic must approve. He is not an Italian, but an Englishman, though he has all the fervor of imagination and all the poetic must approve. He is not an Italian, but an Englishman, though he has all the fervor of imagination and all the poetic must approve of imagination and all the poetic must prove of all must prove of all must, all show that she is pure gold, pure crystal; that she is made of all must, all light, all sweetings, and drail shadow and silence and mystery, too, as women should be. If you could see her eyes—her deep, glowing, witty, humorous, mischlevous, innocent eyes, with the soul that burns in them, the passion that sleeps, If you could see her hands—they lie in her job in the provention of the carriage of an imperial princess, If you could see her hands—they lie in her job in the grace and pride of her carriage—the carriage of an imperial princess, If you could see her hands—they lie in her job in the provention of the carriage of an imperial princess, If you could see her hands—they lie in her job in the grace of all must provention of the carriage of an imperi

The World's Work.

The World's Work.

The leading artists in the World's Work for February are:
The President and Wall Street, Sergno S. Pratt.
The President and the People (from Letters from the West).
The Work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens (illustrated), Charles H. Caffin,
Profits of Garden and Orchard, B. T. Calloway. (illustrated), Charles H, Caifin,
Profits of Garden and Orchard, B. T.
Galloway.
The Panama Canal and the Mississippi
Valley, Charles M, Harvey.
Providing the World with Power, Arthur Goodrich.
Lumbering by Machinery (illustrated),
K. Smith.
One Trust and What Became of It (illustrated), Henry W. Lanier,
Perfect Feeding of the Human Body,
Isance P, Marcosson.
The Public Schools of a Boss-Ridden
City, Adele Marie Shaw.
The Work of a Wireless Telegraph
Man (illustrated), Winthrop Packard.
The Emigrant Jews at Home (illustrated), Ezra S, Brudno.
Bouth America and Our Responsibility,
W. M. Ivins, Jr.
A British View of American Schools,
Alfred Mosely.
PricCiture's Magazine.
The leading article in McClure's is "A

The leading article in McClure's is "A Corner in Labor," by Roy Stannard Baker, Other features are "The Allens," a story by Booth Tarkington; "The Story of Rockofeller," by Ida Tarbell; "One Hundred Masterpleces of Painting," by John Te Parre

dred Masterpieces
La Farge.
There are seven short stories.
Lippincott's.
Lippincott's.

"My Cousin Patricia," by Alma Martin Estabrook. There are eight short stories by Francis Howard Williams, Prince Vaniatsky, Ella M. Tybont, A. Maynard Barbour, Clinton Langerfield, Elliott Flower, Harriet Boyer and Arthur Symons.

Current Literature.

One of the most useful of all publica-tions we receive is Current Literature, which always contains a splendid review of the avents and illerature of the month. The February number is fully up to the high standard of this excellent publica-tion.

Some of the leading features of Outing are as follows:
Through the Rebel Country of the Moors, Albert H. Danforth.
Holes by Accident in Golf, George Hibbard.

Animals in Art. R. Hinton Perry.
Among the Georgia Crackers, Clifton
Johnson.
Things Wuth Considerin', Cap'n Titus.
Into the Mists of Mount McKinley, Robert Dunn.
Men and Women of the Outdoor World
(photographs).
Jin Abu Finds an Elephant (photographs by the author), Caspar Whitney.
A Skirmish in the Brush, Edwyn Sandys.

The Great Cuthbert Rookery, Herbert K. Job.
Oklahoma Country Club.
Photographing Field Dogs in Action,
Edward A. Donnelly.

POEMS MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT KNOW

How They Drink. The Frenchman drinks his native wine, The German drinks his beer, The Irishman drinks his whiskey straight, Which bringeth him good cheer.

The Englishman drinks his 'alf and 'alf Until it brings on dizziness.
The Yankee has no choice at an—
He drinks the whole damp business.

If I Should Die To-night, If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpso and say, Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless

clay; If I should die to-night And you should come in deepest grief and woe, And say "Here's that ten dollars that I owe."
I might arise in my large white cravat,
And say "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my corpse and
kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you

feek;
I say if I should die to-night
And you should come to me and there and then, Just even hint at paying me that ten,

might arise the while—
But I'd drop dead again.
BEN KING.

He'd Had No Show.

Joe Benll 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the groc'ry store, an' throw
One log right over t'other leg
An' swear he'd never had no show,
"O, no," said Joe
"Hain't hed no show." Then shift his quid to t'other jaw, An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life, Ho said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"O, no," said Joe
"Hain't had no show,"
An' then he'd look up at the clock
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year-let's see-"I've waited twenty year—let's see— Yes, twenty-four an' never struck, Altho' I've sot roun' patiently, The fust tarnation streak or luck, "O, no," said Joe "Hain't hed no show," Then stuck like mucliage to the spot, An' sot, an'sot, an' sot,

'I've come down regerler every day For twenty years to Piper's store.
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I. Piper?' Piper swore.

Say, hain't I, Piper Piper swore.
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;
Yer too durn patient"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an'

SAM WALTER FOSS.

A Pessimism. The candidate will soon draw near With tones of gentle mirth, And tells you how he'll persevere 'Til he reforms the earth.

The rival candidates will pass Around the self-same song. No matter which you choose, alas— You'll find you've chosen wrong.

She always addressed him as Mr.
Until he took courage and Kr.
But now that they're wed,
Like a brute he has said, Like a brack goodness he'd Mr.
-Sait Lake Herald.

A LITTLE SOD-HOUSE IN NEBRASKA

I dine upon dishes of silver and gold,
In a glitter of china and glass;
I walk upon carpets so thick and so soft
They muffle all sound as I pass.
I sleep in a chamber of azure and white,
Under satin and down, but alank!
In the dead of the night, when I'ra lying
awake.
My thoughts will go wandering back
To a little sod-house in Nebraska.

The floor it was bare, and the smoke were covered with pictures—old prints
From the very few papers that drifted
our way—
And the window was curtained with

chintz.
But oh! what an army of beautiful dreams Came out in the firelight to play.
And tell me of all the grand things I
would do
When, grown up, I could journey away
From the little sod-house in Nebraska.

I would buy for my mother a gown of black silk. And a bonnet of roses and lace; But alast ere I tasted the fruits of suc-The grave-mold was over her face.

The grave-mold was over her face.

And sitting alone o'er a bottle of port

I hark to the wind in the night.

As it moans and groams, and I think

with a pang

How it wails far away o'er the site

Of the little sod-house in Nobraska.

I am tired of the languorous lilles of life, I long for the wind and the rain. The glory of morn on the dewy, green corn. And the smell of the wheat fields again,

These Books

Cohen Prices.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for the refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.-Charles Ellot Norton.

THANATOPSIS.

By BRYANT.

William Culter Bryant, the author of this immortal poem, was born in Massachusetts November 3, 1794, and died in New York June 12, 1878. Bryant was edicated at Williams College and was first a lawyer. Later he edited a magazine, and from that he took up the editorship of the New York Brening Post, which he kept until his death. This poem was sent to the North American magazine, then under until his death. Richard Henry Dana Mr. Dana went to Massachusetts to see the author, and not finding young Bryant's father at home he left, never thinking that the son, who was then only a youth of twenty years, could have written such a production.

Thanatopsis is a Greek word, meaning "The View of Death."

O HIM who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all round—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee O HIM who in the love of Nature holds Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of occan shall exist Nor in the embrace of occan shall exist.
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim.
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up.
Thine individual being, shalt thou go.
To mix for ever with the elements;
To be a brother, to the insamble rock. The individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;—
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
Old occan's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The alonests all the infinite hoat of heaven. Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, The planets, all the infinite host of heaven, The planets, all the infinite host of heaven, Are shining on the sad abodes of death Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread The globe are but a handful to the tribes That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce, Or lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound, Where rolls the Oregon, and nears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unrelied by the living—and no friend So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his daynean, but sustained and soothed Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



STEAMBOATS.

Night Line for Norfolk

Where the silver creek flows, and the golden rod grows.
Oh, 'tis there I am sighing to roam.
In the State of my birth, on the one spot of earth.
That I call by the dear name of home—The little sod-house in Nebraska.
(Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.) **GLD DOMINION** STEAMSHIP CO.

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the Southwest.

4:55 P. M. - No. 56 - From Florida, Atlanta and
the Southwest.

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Trainings Monday, wednesday and Friday.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

5:55 P. M.—From Charlotte and Durham.

5:50 A. M.—From Charlotte and Durham.

8:40 A. M.—From Chaso City.

1:25 A. M.—Baitimore and West Point.

10:45 A. M. 5:19 P. M.—From West Point.

C. H. ACKERT. S. H. HARDWICK.

C. W. WESTBURT. D. P. A.

Richmond, Va.

R. F. & P. Richmond, Fredericks-burg & Potomac, R. R.

Frams Leave Richmond—Northward,
4:15 A. M., daily, Byrd St. Through,
5:15 A. M., daily, stain St. Through,
5:45 A. M., daily, stain St. Through,
6:44 A. M., except Monday, Byrd St. Through,
All Pullman Cars.
7:15 A. M., week days, Fiba. Ashland accommodation. M., Sunday only, Byrd St. Through, 500 A. M., Sunday only, Local stops, 5:40 A. M., week days, Byrd St. Through, Local Stops, 40 Anys, Byrd St. Through noon, week days. Byrd St. Through P. M., week days. Byrd St. Fredericks. 5:05 P. M. daily. Main St. Through. 5:25 P. M., week days. Eiba. Ashland ac-

6:50 F. Al., week days. Eiba. Asnland ac-commodation, week days. Eiba. Asnland ac-commodation. Silb A. M., week days. Eiba. Asnland ac-berry accommodation. Byrd St. Fredericks-burg accommodation. Byrd St. Through. 1150 A. M., dweek days. Byrd St. Through. Local stops. 2:06 P. M., daily. Main St. Through. 6:00 P. M., week days. Efta. Ashland ac-commodation. 7:15 P. M., daily. Byrd St. Through. 8:00 P. M., daily. Byrd St. Through. Local

8:09 1. al., daily. Byte St. Intough. All Pullman Cirs.
10:25 P. M., daily. Main St. Through. All Pullman Cirs.
10:55 P. M., week days. Byrd St. Through.
All Pullman Cars.
NOTE—Pullman Sleeping or Parlor Cars on all trains except local accommedations.
W. D. DUKS, C. W. CULL? W. P. 74.YLOR, Gen'l Man'r., Ass't. Gen'l Man'r., Trat, Jan.

N 希 W Norfolk Western

LEAVE RICHMOND DAILY.

\$:00 A. Al.—NORFOLK LIMITED Arrives
Norfolk II:00 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg,
Waverly and Suttoile. AGO ENPRESS. Baffet
Farlor Car. Petersburg to Lynchurg asd
Hoanote. Pullman of Chechmatic also Roan Ac
to Attomptic and Knoville to Chattanoogs
to Attomptic.

1:00 P. M.—OCEAN SHOKE ENPRESS for FarmThese Norf's 5:00 P. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waver, y and Sufork Connects with
steamers to Boston, Providence, New York,
Baltimore and Washington.

7:25 P. M.—Foc Norfolk and all stations east
of Yetersburg.

1:40 P. M.—News. Bethanood to Lynchburg and 7:55 P. M.—For Norfolk and all stations east of Petersburn W.—For Norfolk and all stations east of Petersburn Sign P. M.—NEW ORLEANS SHOLT LINE. Pallman Beopers, Richmond to Lynchburg and Roamoke: Petersburn to East Radford; Lynchburg to Chattanooga, Monaphia and ... ow Orleans. Cafe Dimines Car. Monaphia and ... ow Orleans. Cafe Dimines Car. West 7:35 A. M., 2:34 Trains and 1:30 P. M., from Norfolk 11:00 A. Molific No. 835 East Main Street.

W. H. BEVILL. G. H. BODLEY.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND DAILY— STREET STATION. EFFECTIVE MONDAY, JAN. 10TH.

9:05 A. M.—A. C. L. Espires to all points
9:05 A. M.—Petersburg and Norfolk.
9:05 A. M.—Petersburg and Norfolk.
9:10 P. M.—Petersburg Lowel.
9:06 P. M.—Petersburg and N. & W. West.
11:30 P. M.—Petersburg Lowel.
11:30 P. M.—Petersbu

W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Past. Ast.